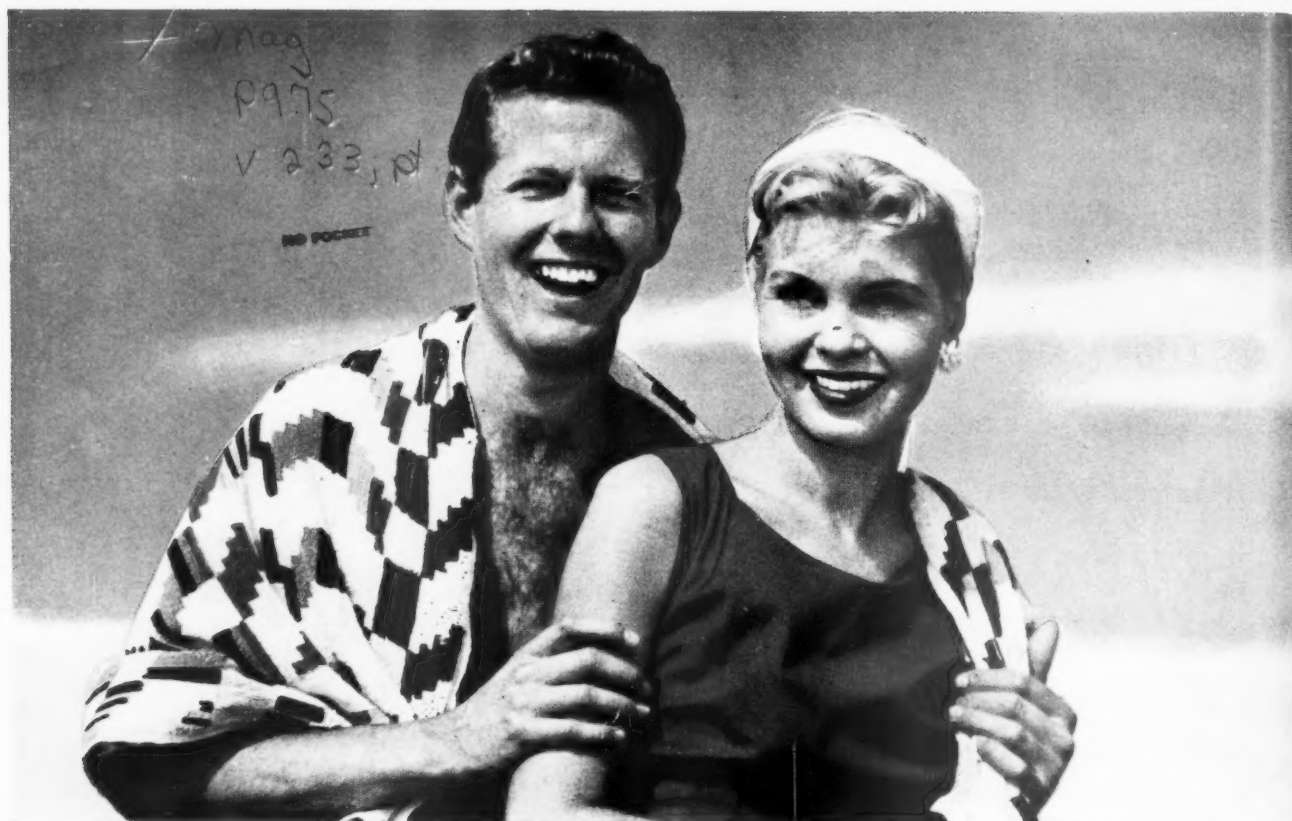


# Punch

9<sup>d</sup>





# Capture Colour

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## CHARIVARIA

**M**R. MICHAEL TODD's short lease of the Battersea Pleasure Gardens for a post-première celebration, following so soon after Mr. Douglas Fairbanks's loan of Cliveden from the National Trust for his daughter's coming out, has set fresh plans buzzing at the headquarters of the British Travel and Holidays Association. Future advertisements in America, sketching the delights of Kew, the Tower or the Palace of Westminster, are expected to carry the added enticement "Parties Catered For."

### Peace at Last?

In the behaviour of her motorists, the inadequacy of her plumbing and the elusiveness of her Governments, France sometimes causes us to forget her claim to be the most civilized nation of the world. But even as we forget, a reminder comes. A "silent demonstration," led by M. François Mauriac, M. Jean-Paul Sartre and M. André Philip, was



held in the Tuileries gardens the other evening, when a crowd of five hundred assembled in noiselessness and calm to show their dissatisfaction with the Algerian situation. Will this method recommend itself elsewhere, from the United Nations Assembly to strike

meetings, to the Palace of Westminster, to airport interviews by visiting political celebrities? It is what people say that causes all the trouble, and even if the trouble arrived all the same, at least half the world would be spared the discomfort of having to hear what the other half had to say about it.

### Glad You've Been Troubled

THE angry Opposition voices raised against Government telephone tapping were fortunate in having public feeling solidly behind them, and Mr. Gaitskill



and his supporters made the most of their ripest political opportunity for some time. That is not to say, of course, that they wouldn't have worked themselves up to an equal pitch of self-righteous indignation if the Government error had been of a different kind—some crisis, for instance, where telephones should have been tapped and weren't.

### Wry Smile

CRITICS were universally delighted with the performance of the Moscow State Variety Theatre at Streatham Hill, though all remarked on the absence of any element of comedy. For connoisseurs of fun, however, this was

supplied by the idea of (a) a State Variety Theatre, (b) Moscow's performing at Streatham Hill and (c) critics being universally delighted with it.

### Glut

BRITAIN'S Health Service, pride of the nation, took a touch of tarnish the other day when the chairman of Dartford hospital management committee expressed concern at the number of old people occupying beds, blamed this on their "living longer," and added darkly that N.H.S. had "created something which was now getting out of hand."

### Wall Game

LONDON art circles are greatly interested in the current exhibition of pictures by M. Yves Klein, which show "an unrelieved expanse of a single colour, without any design at all," and are priced at between £35 and £45.



Even British painters are said to be loud in their admiration for an artist who can get away with this.

### What Every Talent-Scout Knows

STUDENTS of vital statistics await with interest a forthcoming Board of Trade



publication entitled "Women's Measurements and Sizes" which, according to an advance report, has involved a six-year investigation of five thousand women by five teams of three men. Students feel that some of the findings are a little obvious, however; for example, that "women with larger curves are usually found among higher-income groups."

### Pig Hooley

DESPITE newspaper photographs of the latest riot of atomic explosions, graphic statistics about their power, precision and audibility at immense distances, and plenty of tasty vegetable verbiage about "a double mushroom aspect" and a fireball "like a massive cauliflower head," the average reader is thought to be developing a tolerance towards the whole business, and especially to be smugly unappreciative of the tremendous problems involved each time a test takes place. Many do not even pause to consider, for instance, the skill and patience required in order to get eight hundred pigs into radiation-proof clothing.

### Added Brightness

WHEN fun was scarce and jokes were trite

And life could not be drearier,  
What bliss to learn they plan a White  
Paper on Nigeria!



## FOAM

HOW difficult the days in which we live!  
Build how you will, some dyke decides to give.  
And here's the Housewife, worn with cleanly care,  
But spreading dirt and danger everywhere.

Six thousand years ago—it makes you smile—  
They washed with common water on the Nile.  
There was no soap, historians have reckoned,  
Until the time of Charles I—or II.  
Water and soap sufficed the human race  
Till Hitler happened, and a war took place.  
Our soap was rationed; fats and oils were few;  
And chemists madly sought for something new.  
Now no one "cleans" the saucepan or the serge;  
No woman "scrubs" or "washes." They "deterge."  
The sink resounds with scientific chatter,  
And even "dirt" gives way to "soiling matter."  
I could of course from A to Z explain  
The technicalities, but I refrain:  
For I imagine you are not in touch  
With non-ionic sulphates very much.  
But, briefly, soap plays second fiddle now  
To new synthetic things like Buz and Wow.  
With other chemicals, they all combine  
A little *laurylalkanomaline*  
(I may have missed a syllable or two,  
I may have added some: but that must do.)  
This is an "additive"; it causes foam,  
And so does much to make a happy home:  
For ladies—and they're not alone, I gather—  
Believe there's virtue in a lot of lather,  
Though foam and froth are only bubbles still,  
And bubbles are, notoriously, *nil*.  
But there it is. Alas, they do not think  
What happens when the foam goes down the sink.  
Into the sewer it descends, and can  
Become a menace to the sewer-man;  
Then at the sewage-works, in monstrous banks,  
Makes brave men tremble who must tend the tanks—  
Though things are better when the high winds beat  
The poisoned bubbles over field and street;  
Foam fills the culverts, foam obscures the streams,  
Foam rides the river where the pale moon gleams,  
And, what is more important, you and I  
Expect our water in a pure supply.  
The barge is buried in the filthy flecks  
And sailors fear to venture on their decks.  
Foam round the boats pollutes the virgin paint;  
Foam is the fisherman's supreme complaint,  
And, though the evidence admits of doubt,  
Can not be beneficial to the trout.

Great ills have often claimed a grand excuse:  
But foam, in fact, is not the slightest use.  
"Why, then, if that be certain," you exclaim,  
"Why not dispense with laury-what's-its-name?"  
The manufacturers will tell you why:  
"If we omitted it they wouldn't buy."  
O *Homo Sapiens*! Preserve me from  
A world of women! Burst, the atom bomb!

A. P. H.





# Queen's Mate

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

(A hitherto unpublished fragment from the papers of Mr. L\*\*R\*NC\* H\*\*SM\*N.)

The scene is PRINCE ALBERT's dressing-room in Buckingham Palace. An elderly VALET is putting a final gloss on a pair of polo boots already gleaming when the PRINCE enters, dabbing the last traces of shaving lather from his face. He wears a dressing gown in Royal Yacht Squadron colours.

THE PRINCE: Good morning.

VALET: Good morning, your Royal Highness.

THE PRINCE: I'll dress myself this morning. You tied my laces in a double knot yesterday, with the result that they appeared in a close-up photograph in several national newspapers.

VALET: I am extremely sorry, your Highness.

THE PRINCE: I do not wish to invite comment from some Bootlace Manufacturers' body. They would say that I was starting a fashion not in their interests, or something of the kind. But it was not your fault. You are new here, are you not?

VALET: No, sir. We have always been together.

THE PRINCE: I am very pleased to hear it. You may go now.

The VALET, who knows that his master has many pre-occupations, is inured to the need for periodic reintroductions. He makes a short bow and retires. As he is about to open the door it opens from the other side. He steps back and bows as the young QUEEN enters, and then goes, closing the door silently behind him. VICTORIA is in a rose-coloured negligée which the national newspapers would give much to see.

VICTORIA: May I come in, Albert?

ALBERT: Of course, Weibchen. Is it not a perfect morning?

VICTORIA: Yes. (He is carefully brushing his hair, and something in her manner causes him to stop and look at her reflection in the long, gold-framed mirror.) Do you trust Perch?

ALBERT (a little startled): To eat?

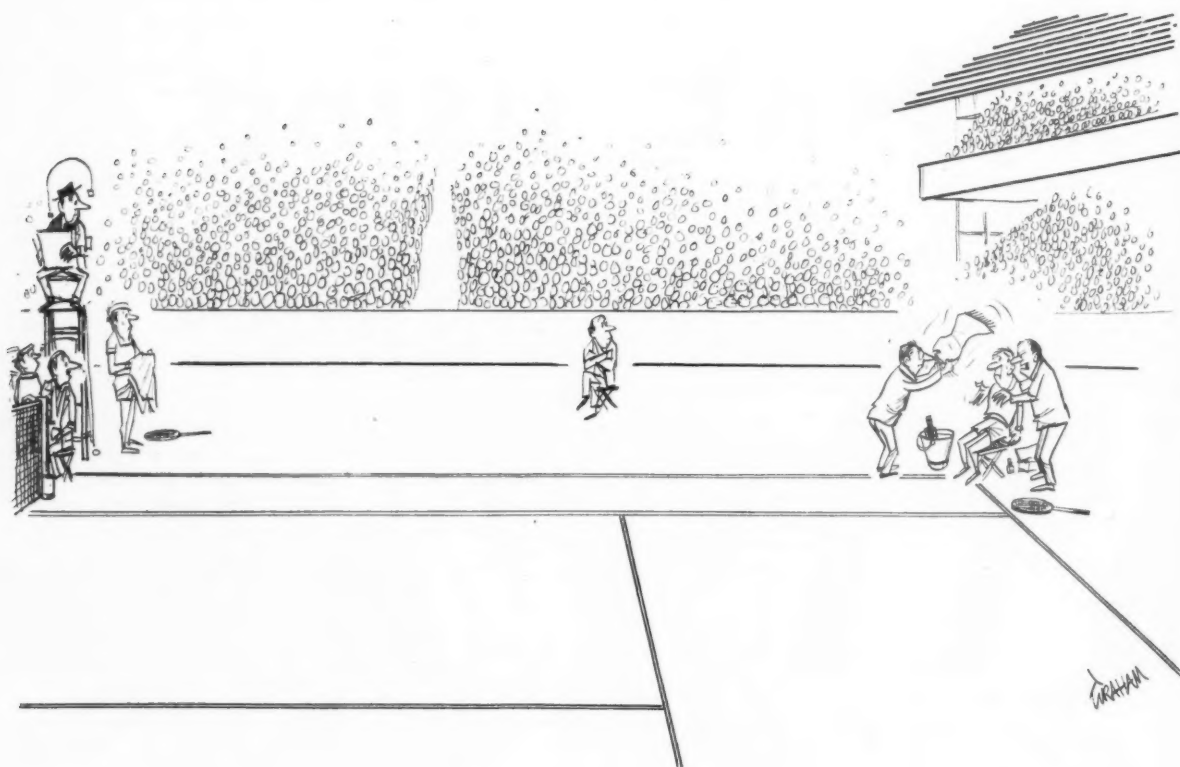
VICTORIA: You must not be so ready with jokes, Albert.

But she laughs a little, in spite of herself, before becoming once more quite grave.

ALBERT: Dearest, I was not making a joke.

VICTORIA: I mean Perch, your valet, whom I encountered leaving just now. You may think me foolish—

ALBERT: My wife foolish? My Queen foolish? Never!



VICTORIA: Now you are joking again, Albert. It really is too bad.

ALBERT: No. I was entirely serious, my dear. (*He sighs a little.*) It is hard to have to explain when one is joking, and worse to have to explain that one is not. But please go on.

VICTORIA (*a little sharply*): Thank you. We intend to go on.

ALBERT turns and looks at her, but his voice is amused and gentle.

ALBERT: "We"? Before breakfast, and "We"?

VICTORIA: I am sorry. It slipped out. Albert, I only mean that I think Perch to have a very *observant* kind of face. I mean a *reminiscent* kind of face.

ALBERT: That is odd, for only to-day I found I had forgotten it.

VICTORIA: No, Albert. I mean the sort of face that would write reminiscences. I feel that I am right. I do not think you should be too confiding in him. We do not wish the newspapers to be full of how my Husband brushes his teeth.

ALBERT: That is true, of course.

VICTORIA: And the songs he sings in his bath, and—and—

ALBERT: Yes, Weibchen?

VICTORIA: And things of that kind. (*Going to him, hurriedly*) Could he not be dismissed?

ALBERT (*patting her shoulder reassuringly*): I hardly think so, merely on the ground that he may write a book. I believe he is a fully-paid-up member of the Transport and General Workers Union.

VICTORIA: I see. I had not thought of that. You are really quite clever sometimes, Albert. But then you must speak to him.

ALBERT: Yes. (*Thoughtfully*) I will do so, dearest.

VICTORIA: Yes. For one thing, I think that books of reminiscences should really be about the Queen.

*She has come out with this—the point she intended to make from the first—more bluntly than was meant, and covers the bluntness by moving swiftly to the window and gazing over the gardens. She continues, speaking faster.*

I can see a man down there. He does not look like one of the Palace staff. Do you think he is an intruder? There was an intruder found in the grounds only the other week, you know, and no one knew how or why he got in. The police said afterwards that he was of unsound mind, and that he only—

ALBERT (*sternly for him*): Victoria.

VICTORIA (*tremulously*): Yes, Albert?

ALBERT: We must not be rivals, you and I, for the goodwill of the people, must we?

VICTORIA: Oh, no, Albert. But—

ALBERT: And, in any event, I believe that there are ten portraits of you in the *Illustrated London News* and other journals to each one of me.

VICTORIA: I did not know that. But—

ALBERT: Also, I am always a little behind you on platforms and in processions. It is not a husband's place, but I do not complain. And when the crowds cheer I only smile and wave a very little.

VICTORIA: But they are cheering me, are they not?

ALBERT: Of course they are, dearest. That is why. And I am very proud to be beside you, just waving occasionally and smiling now and then.

VICTORIA: But you—



ALBERT: And do you know this? In the matter of petitions and things of that kind, more are addressed to you by the League Against Cruel Sports than to me by the Lord's Day Observance Society. No, Weibchen, you must not think silly things. (*He kisses her.*)

VICTORIA (*mollified somewhat*): No, I must not, must I? I did not know about the petitions, that is very interesting. Thank you, Albert, I feel better now. I think last night's banquet was a little rich, and made me a little stupid. (*Teasingly*) May I go now?

ALBERT (*entering into her mood*): Yes. We will excuse you.

*The QUEEN drops a mock curtsy and goes to the door. As she reaches it the VALET opens it and bows.*

VALET: Forgive me, your Majesty. Your Royal Highness, there is the gentleman from Lime Grove to see you.

ALBERT (*briskly tying the belt of his gown*): Tell him I will come at once.

*He blows the QUEEN a kiss and quickly goes out. She looks after him and bites her lip. He had won her over before she could come, so to speak, to the point of her point. After a moment she sweeps past the bowing VALET, but turns as she goes.*

VICTORIA: Write a book if you dare!

*She goes out in a queenly swirl of negligée. The VALET closes the door silently behind her. He comes slowly to the centre of the room, takes a small notebook from his pocket, and is moistening his pencil thoughtfully as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

"BURNED-OUT POTTERY MEN SENT ON HOLIDAY."  
*Bournemouth Daily Echo*

Chard?



# America Day by Day

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

A RATHER pleasant note is creeping like a breath of fresh air into first-class baseball over here, if I am right in saying that notes creep like breaths of fresh air. It was always a nice brisk game, but now they have started brightening it, and there should be very few complaints in the future about falling-off attendance. The other day in the American League the New York Yankees lined up against Chicago and in the National League the Brooklyn Dodgers against Milwaukee, and the former game had been in progress only a short while when a Chicago athlete named Larry Doby, taking exception to the pitching of the Yankees' Art Ditmar, who had thrown at him what is known as a duster or brushback—that is to say, a ball which came within an inch and a quarter of his (Mr. Doby's) sensitive head—laid him out cold with what is described as the sweetest left hook delivered since the one which Sugar Ray Robinson hung on the chin of Gene Fulmer.

This was the signal for the Messrs. Napp, Dropo, Slaughter, Ford, Martin, Skowron, Stengel and Riviera to join the fray, and they joined it, while simultaneously in Milwaukee equally spirited battling was being done by a cast headed by John Logan, Don Drysdale, Gil Hodges, Ed Mathews and others. After that, all corpses found lying about having been removed, the survivors went on steadily playing baseball.

Two thoughts occur as one muses on these activities. The first, that this is surely the sort of thing the M.C.C. ought to encourage in their campaign to brighten cricket. Much more effective than all that stuff of narrowing boundaries and allowing only nine fieldsmen on the leg side, or whatever it is. The second, that the proceedings must have tested the television sports commentators to the utmost, for they hate to admit that anything but good, clean, friendly sport is going on in any arena. There was a hockey match not long ago in the course of which all the players on both sides started beating each other's brains out with their hockey sticks until the place became a shambles.

"Little bad feeling there," said the sports commentator.

You might think from all this that the smart thing to do in America to-day is not to become a baseball player, but I would far rather face all the risks of that profession than be—under present conditions—a comedian. If you are a stage comedian, you get no work because the new type of musical provides no parts for comedians, while if you are a television comedian you get fired by your sponsor and can't find another sponsor. On every side you see television comics, once the idols of the public, dropping off the screen like exhausted bivalves.

It is the Trendex rating system that causes this, and if there is a sillier system in existence I have yet to hear of it. There are roughly a hundred million television-set owners in the United States, and Trendex rings up a thousand of them, finds out whom they are listening to and says "There you are. That's what the country wants," ignoring completely the fact that if they had happened to get John Doe on the wire instead of Richard Roe, the result would have been quite different. The view of the comedians who get low Trendex ratings is that the people who are looking at their act are so absorbed that they don't answer the telephone.

Things do not always work out right for Trendex, either.

"Might I ask, Mr. Marx," said its researcher one night, getting into telephonic communication with Groucho Marx, "what you have on your television set?"

"A photograph of my Uncle Max," was the reply.

Still talking about television, a menacing situation has arisen as the result of the popularity of entertainers from the South such as Dinah Shore and Tennessee Ernie Ford, for it begins to look as though before long we shall all have to talk Southern in order to make ourselves understood. That the danger is not overrated is shown by a piece in one of the papers in which the writer tells of having been, as a boy, in a boy's camp where there was one boy from Atlanta, Georgia, and a hundred and twenty-five young Northerners. By the end of the summer, he says, the hundred and twenty-five Northern lads were all talking like Scarlett O'Hara and the Georgia boy's drawl had deepened to the point where he needed an interpreter to be understood at all.

Fortunately the Charleston, South Carolina, *News and Courier* has just published a dictionary of Southern usages which will be helpful to all of us. A few samples may be of interest:

**Abode.**—A wooden plank. Example: When a train is about to start the conductor will shout "All abode."

**Coined.**—Humane, gentle. Example: "Stop kin thet dawg, Junior. Yaught always to be coined to animals."

**Sex.**—One less than seven, two less than ch-et, three less than noine, foe less than tin.

The buck sales fo twenty-fy-uv cents and kin be boat from the New Sand Korea.

Finally—it is scarcely worth mentioning, but one may as well spread it on the record—there is the story of the customer who scanned the bill of fare in the restaurant and pointed to Marcel de Rochambeau.

"That looks good," he said.

"So it ought to," said the waiter.

"It's been in Florida all the winter. That's the manager."



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Norman Macdonald

"Chocolates, ices, cigarettes, tranquillisers . . ."

# Counter Attack

By H. F. ELLIS

"Sir William Haley, editor of *The Times* and a former Director-General of the B.B.C., told the Commonwealth Press Union that newspapers had to return to their role of providing information."—*News item*

THIS looked to me the kind of startling utterance that makes people want to know what other people think about it, so I made some calls and collected some views. I also went about in streets, factories and churches asking total strangers, after the manner of Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, what they thought about the proposal. Hardly any of them, I noticed, were deceived by Sir William's disingenuous use of the word "information" instead of the more obviously reactionary "news." "Stuff with 'VIENNA, Tuesday' at the top of it, that's what he's after,"

said Mr. Alfred Clegg, a Stockton-on-Tees winchminder. "Don't tell me. We aren't living in the Middle Ages now."

Other views expressed to me were:

**Mrs. Desirée Stubbs (Southend).** Well, I don't know, you know. Of course I like to know what's going on, but you want a bit more for your twopence, don't you? I mean to say there were thirty-four more homeless with floods, where it said about tornadoes and that, but it isn't as if I could do anything about it with the two young ones and all my shopping to do. And all that about Hungary coming up again when I've scarcely set down for five minutes to rest my back. Still, it takes all sorts to make a world, I always say.

**Mr. James Reedy, of Well Walk, Hampstead.** Life isn't all politics and

landslides on the Upper Indus, whatever this Haley may say. Many people are glad of a few hints about the care of tropical fish from time to time, quite apart from the difference the bit extra makes to the wife and me. Of course there's no regular demand for articles—it's a bit special, if you follow me, not like gardening and taking off weight and all the other mass-appeal stuff—but you'd be surprised at the correspondence any time I sell a piece to one of the dailies. You just tell him from me to mind his own business and I'll mind mine. Except, come to think of it, better not. A man I met—well, fourpence means nothing to him—told me there's a page in *The Times* that's shaping up nicely for something in my line. It's not the rates I'm thinking of, mind; it's the prestige.

**A Barrister** (who declined to give his name). One has to look at the question realistically. Take that big headline "Attenborough's Moustache" in the *Express* last week. Now that is a subject, not of interest to me personally, which might well fall within the scope of Sir William Haley's implied veto. But what, in that case, of Weekes's thumb? Again, and perhaps more cogently, though it will be widely agreed that the adventures of Buck Ryan are not in any true sense "news," opinions may differ about a photograph of, let us say, Ullswater in mid-June. In short, old chap, where is the line to be drawn, and who is to draw it?

**Doris Polecat (Miss)**, of oh-I-live-with-my-mother, sort of, in-a-hole-of-a-place. I follow the stars in the *Sketch* myself. Well, June 24 under Cancer, that's June 21—July 21, it was ever so queer. "Pull out of those household worries," it said, because I remember it by heart, "and get out and have fun. After tea a woman and a machine could play a big part in your life." Well, you'd have thought that was more for a man, really, only then Irene dropped round and took me for a spin. The thing being that she has a scooter, you see, and we met a couple of sort of friends up round the Common and who's to know where it's all going to end. A girl doesn't want to read about Asiatic flu morning, noon and night, if that's what you mean.



"Stopping suddenly like that without signalling!"



**"Fairplay" (Surbiton)**—by letter.  
I have given considerable thought to your interesting query, and now reply as promised in writing. The difficulty appears to me to be that there is not enough news to go round. Not every newspaper has correspondents trained to send dispatches of great length about the economic situation in Cooch Behar.

Will you very kindly forward the enclosed extracts from recent newspaper issues to Sir William?

A porcupine, missing from Doncaster Zoo, was seen in the street a quarter of a mile away, but was still at large.—*Daily Telegraph* "News from all Quarters."

A cock pheasant walked into an hotel lounge at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, and was set free.—*Ditto*

A workman's shed caught fire between two gasholders at Dawley Road, **Hayes**, Middlesex.—*Evening News* "Briefly..."

Works by pupils of secondary modern schools in Richmond and Barnes are on show at **Richmond** Institute for further education.—*Ditto*

**KATMANDU**.—Eight Nepal journalists have left here for Delhi en route to Moscow.—*The Times* "Telegrams in Brief"

Blood removes waste matter from the cells of our body. When it flows slowly it cannot remove all the waste. Some remains. It becomes fat... Why does the businessman develop a bulge round the middle, the office girl thick thighs?—*Daily Sketch* "Sketch Scoop"

I am fifteen and when I do anything wrong my aunt puts me across her knees and spanks me.—*Daily Mirror* (Letter from reader)

The first five of these items are clearly "news"; the last two would, I believe, even if quoted in full, fall outside what Sir William regards as a newspaper's proper role. But I feel bound to ask him whether he would exclude items in this latter category, if the only alternative were more items in the former.

It is possible, of course, that there is a third, and better, way of holding the reader's attention.

"The Cannes festival is the film world's equivalent of the livestock show at Smithfield just before Christmas... There is the Tahitian girl Ma-Ea-Fior. She is a tremendous beauty. But it was amusing to hear the French women criticizing her for going along to Mike Todd's party last night in bare feet... 'They were the ugliest feet I have ever seen in my life,' said one of them to me. 'But then what do you expect from savages...'"—*Daily Express*

Not film festivals, anyway.



"It's difficult to explain, I know, but after all these years of frantic spiritual turmoil I've suddenly found solace in this!"

## The Fortunate City

"Failing a volcano, the best thing that can happen to a city, archæologically speaking, is that it should be sacked and very thoroughly burnt by an enemy."

Sir Leonard Woolley, *Digging up the Past*.

**R**EJOICE for London! What if men return  
To gnaw for roots in woodlands, marshes, fens?  
What if the Abbey and St. Paul's should burn  
And melted eyeballs blind her citizens?

Rage, then, destructive yet preserving fires:  
Artefacts safely under ashes lie;  
Experts will come with cameras, spades and wires  
To dig and sift and clean and classify.

Keen antiquarians will note with pleasure  
The marvellous preservation of the graves,  
Museums take their pick of buried treasure  
And connoisseurs admire the architraves.

Historians will trace with loving care  
A ground-plan of this pre-atomic city,  
Faintly-bored tourists flock to lounge and stare,  
And poets feel a passing twinge of pity.

JOHN PRESS

# Pretenders

By G. W. STONIER

THE man with the canary gloves was staring intently. At first I thought it was only the usual Tube stare; one must look somewhere, and some eyes protrude more than others. These kept returning. A pretty girl, an advertisement for boot-soles, the Tube map might distract him a moment, never for long. Back would come that gaze, now, it seemed, faintly amused. The yellow hands clasped an umbrella handle; everything about him, from pointed shoes to silk kerchief, was close-fitting, swathed. He was pale, with a black moustache matching his coat collar. Only the eyes moved: me they had as their object. So we passed Earl's Court, Baron's Court.

Soon I was asking myself questions. Had he seen me before? Where? When? Did he know me, but not I him? Would he, this coming instant, lean forward to remark *It's a long time since Effie's*, or something equally enigmatic?

Or could he be a confidence trickster, or a novelist once reviewed (and novelists, like elephants, can't forget), or a maniac who would henceforth plague me, write, ring up, lay in wait at corners, etc.? Such things I have known happen to friends.

Worse still, what he was staring at might be not me but my double. I have always had this notion, of one

exactly like me, living in New Guinea; but it might be in the next street; going about his business while I go about mine, crossing my tracks day after day, entering the station hall immediately after I have left. And one day we shall meet.

This fancy or dread took a new turn the other week when I saw the Hitchcock film *The Wrong Man*. This was a tale, taken from life, of an innocent nobody misidentified as a hold-up man. He played, rather joylessly, the double-bass in a band, had a happy domestic life, felt the pinch. Once the mistake about his identity takes root he suffers torments; the machinery of justice sucks him in, parades him, fingerprints him, gaols him, tries him; his wife's sanity begins to crack. It's hideously painful, and convincing. We come away thinking *What's to stop this happening to me?* . . .

I looked up. Now the eyes never left me, and I detected more than a tinge of mockery.

Oh lord, is he pretending? Am I?

The trouble is I rather like pretenders—being, of course, one myself.

So, dear reader, are you. Oh, you may swear not, but that's only pretending.

Do you smoke, dance, twiddle your fingers, add "Sincerely yours" to some

specious rigmarole, smile at babies, snort, scratch your head in puzzlement and raise eyebrows when surprised, etc.? Very well then.

I like the kindly gentleman who will give to a beggar when *all* are passing, the con-man and his client (which is the straighter-faced comedian?), Churchill building his wall, the lady taking a flying kick at the Tube train that has shut doors against her, the judge who—having first smothered his cranium under goat's hair—talks as though he were justice, and justice moral right.

Especially do I like the bishop denouncing teddy-boys—a pleasure now and then vouchsafed us; yes, holding forth about absurd fashion, *he* who every morning puts on his collar back to front, smooths a divided skirt, buttons up gaiters (with a hook?), reaches for a silk hat—to say nothing of what may go on under that hat in preparation for Sunday.

Any Old Pretender has an advantage over the New, and quite rightly uses it. His pretence is all of a piece. Centuries have moulded, custom respects him. Most of the offices, lay and clerical, high and low, are held by such, Tussaud's men; and superb they are, and should they fall, what a collapse, what a shivering!

Look at the man whose purpose in life is to wield a cricket bat, and advertise hair cream; or at the soldier, instructed presumably in the most frightful annihilation of humanity—how should he face the world but in buckram breeches on a horse? Let no man seem what he is—

He is making preparatory movements.

The fingers in the canary gloves stretch and wriggle. The eyes pierce.

He's getting up—where are we?—oh, good God, Gunnersbury!—straightens himself, steadies himself against the train jolting to a halt by holding a strap, bends towards me and says "Excuse me, your shoe-lace is undone."

No. 6?

"The punters favourite, Chanel Tunnel, was 9d. down at 18s. 3d."—*Evening Standard*



"Then on Tuesday we'd have to put up with 'Watch with Mother' at four o'clock, 'Children's Television' five o'clock, 'Behind the Headlines' seven-twenty, 'I Married Joan' eight-fifteen . . ."



Eric Burgin

## The Abomination of Desolation

By TOM GIRTIN

IT was my fortieth birthday and the world was coming to an end. I lay on the beach in the hot Sicilian sun and, with my back to the sparkling sea, buried my face in the shingle. From the water came the merry shouts of holiday-makers for whom life still held promise and hope. In the shallows an elderly, peeling Frau was splashing her hairy, barrel-chested Mann with girlish cries of delight. A covey of little brown boys wearing the briefest of bathing trunks and cotton skull-caps went scampering past me, sending a shower of small stones over me as they ran.

"Ploompeedlaire! Ploompeedlaire!" they called at me derisively.

It was a term of abuse they had somehow picked up, perhaps in their English class, from the local guide book which referred contemptuously to such tourists as myself—chaps who didn't water-ski or join the Circolo di Tennis or spear sword-fish—as "plump idlers."

The merry shouts of the bathers had turned to cries of alarm as they came across the dead cow that, if any of them

had had the kindness to talk to an old man like me, I could have told them had been wedged for the last week in the pool at the entrance to the cove. To these cries were added the bellowing of wireless sets, the two-note automatic trumpet horns of motor-buses, the scream of tyres on the hair-pin bends of the coast road, the roar of motor scooters, the depth-charge boom of the dynamiters of fish, the hoarse whistling of the Freccia d'Oro entering innumerable tunnels on the way to Messina. In my sombre mood I was suddenly seized with the desire to get away from it all. Above me towered the rocky height of Monte Venere (1500 m. \*Panorama.) for the conquest of which the guide book gave as par two and a half hours. Plump idler indeed! Even at my age I reckoned I could still show the guide book a thing or two. Acting on this mad impulse I emptied the shingle from my shoes and went tearing off up the goat-track towards the distant summit.

After about half an hour in the blazing sunshine I began to realize that if I were

to reach the top of this barren rock at all I must, every now and again, sit down. As far as I could see, for everything kept turning dark purple, I appeared to be already half-way there, in which case someone—probably the editor of the guide book—was going to look a little foolish when the story got around. I looked again at the glaring slopes and noticed for the first time, just below the peak, a small building from the terrace of which a man was inspecting me intently through a telescope. I could hear, far away above me, an excited barking.

I got to my feet unsteadily and, adopting for the benefit of my audience the long, loping stride of the old *montanaro*, resumed the assault. As I drew nearer I could see that the building bore the faded inscription CAFE-RISTORANTE M. VENERE. The man with the telescope saw me looking; he waved to me and cried "Ahooo—ooo—oiey!" in a voice that echoed eerily across the scree.

"Ahaaugh!" I croaked back at him with the true camaraderie of the mountains.



A large furry dog came bounding down the precipitous slope. It circled warily and flopped to earth behind me, staring at me with mad wall-eyes in a manner that I thought at first was menacing but which I soon found was professional. There was a sharp whistle from above and the dog got stealthily to its feet, slinking behind me. I hastened my step and, at one point, left the path in an attempt to take a short cut. There was another whistle and the dog came bounding and yelping to head me off.

One hour and twelve minutes after leaving the beach—a clear record—I tottered on to the terrace. The dog, its task completed, flopped down contentedly.

Its master was a tall dignified old man in a beret.

"You have come far?" he greeted me.

"Not really," I gasped modestly, "only from Spissone."

"Ah, yes," he agreed. "Not far at all. But you look tired."

"Oh, no. The—uff—the sun . . ."

"And now you are here?"

"Can I order a drink?"

"Wine!" he cried triumphantly, going to a cupboard.

"Is it far from here to the top?"

"Ten minutes only. But why should you want to go? There is nothing there."

"The panorama?"

"Panorama!" he echoed scornfully as he poured out the wine. "You should

bother with panoramas when the world is coming to an end." I was amazed at the way he had sensed my mood.

"How did you know?" I asked eagerly.

"It is all written here." He slid open a drawer in the table and produced a Bible. It fell open, with a sinister ease, at the Book of Revelations, and I fancied I saw the same look in his eyes as I had seen in his dog's.

"You speak very good English," I said nervously.

"Sixteen years I was in Milwaukee—now I am Evangelist." He indicated the distant scene. "There are two hundred Evangelists in these mountains."

I tried to visualize them all. He prodded me with a bony forefinger. "Watch ye, therefore, for the End is nigh!" Taking the Bible he began to read: "'And I saw a star fall from Heaven—'" he broke off, "the atom bomb, you understand, of course . . ."

I looked at my watch.

"I'm afraid I really must be . . ."

The dog gave a low growl.

Three quarters of an hour and four glasses later he pushed the Bible forward on the table.

"First they build the motor road—no-one climbs Monte Vencere any more; this winter is no rain—my almonds die; the spring it rains all the time—my vines are washed out of the ground; this morning a little breath of sirocco and look . . ." he held out a withered branch, "... my olives are burned to hell. Can you seriously doubt that, as spoken by San Mattia, it is the Abomination of Desolation? Let they that are in Judea flee into the mountains!"

I leaped to my cue.

"Yes!" I cried, "to the mountains!"

"You have not signed the Visitors' Book."

The last entries above mine were of a Herr und Frau Doktor Walther Stocknagel from Köln. That had been eight empty days earlier and they had found it all, as well they might, "*Merkwürdig!*"

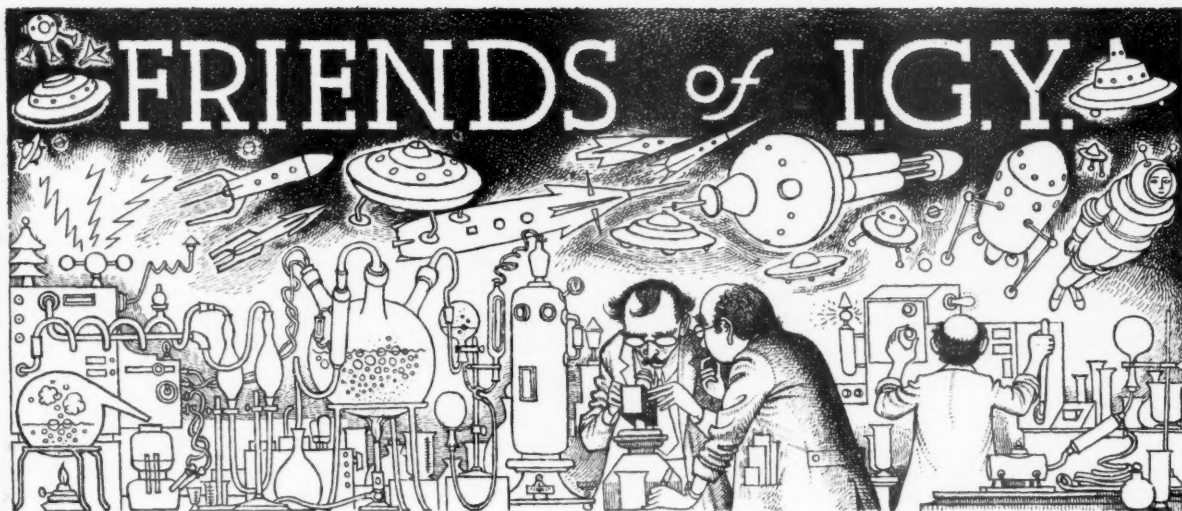
"What made you climb up here to-day?" he asked me.

"Oh, I don't know—perhaps—well, at my age one wants to prove to oneself that one can still do these things."

"Your age!" he looked at me incredulously. "Why, you can't be very much more than fifty."

It was my fortieth birthday and the end of my world had come.





A HUNDRED million pounds' worth of international scientific co-operation is being unleashed on the globe during the next eighteen months. (Geophysical Years seem to be longer than Calendar Years, probably owing to a side-effect of the speed of light.) There is an elaborate organization, represented in England by the Royal Society, who have invited a good many amateur observers to help, but all of these are tarred with the brush of professionalism. Simple keenness, anxiousness to help, affection for geophysics go ignored, however, and a number of enthusiastic supporters are feeling hurt that neither at world nor at national level has anyone invited them to watch, measure or theorize. Well, it is a fact of nature that the more you ignore the really keen the more they join in. Piqued without being dog-in-the-manger, an organization called Friends of the International Geophysical Year has determined to make the Year one that the Astronomer-Royal will remember.

I.G.Y., to start off on the slangy, professional footing that will later allow us to refer to the parallel organization as FIGY, is going to measure all kinds of things, but mainly the effect of the

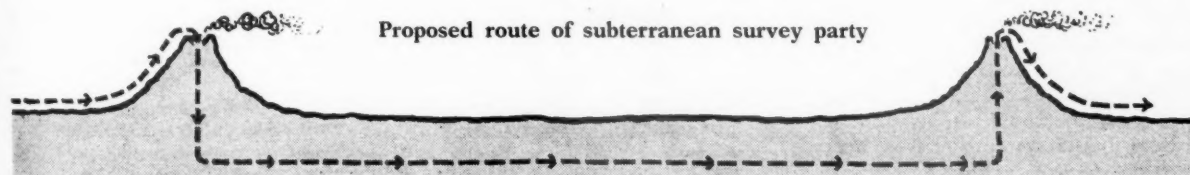
sun on the earth and its atmosphere. It seems that this is a time when sunspots are on the upgrade and for geophysical purposes the sun is best when spotted. All over the world stations packed with high-grade apparatus will be turning in figures about cosmic rays and magnetism and the aurora borealis. Even glaciers are not to escape the stop-watch. The more newsworthy aspects of this lengthy and exciting year, the artificial satellites and the huskies, are merely rather expensive means to the same end. The Poles attract more than their fair share of the sun's output so IGY has to put more than a fair share of its instruments in Antarctica.

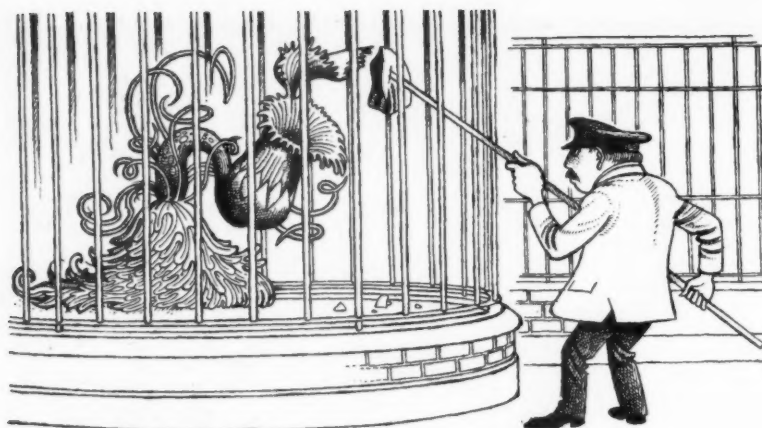
It seems pretty clear that phenomena observed by the Royal Society are not really likely to provide scope for additional observation, however enthusiastic, and it has therefore been decided to concentrate on an allied and parallel field. A network of stations will report on the frequency, direction and physical peculiarities of what can be loosely described as THINGS. There will be elaborate arrangements for the notification of horrific phenomena, whether of terrestrial or extra-terrestrial origin.

IGY has fifteen sections, which include Ionosphere, Seismology and Solar Activity. FIGY is doing with rather fewer. These are: I. Energivora (Things that live on what they can find in Atom Plants). II. Density Variators (Things that go through walls are often of this type). III. Sub-intelligent Plagues. IV. Cerebro-entrants (Things that get inside human beings and take over.) V. Defossilization. VI. Hominoid Artefacts. VII. Physical inconstants, space-deviants, permutants, visitants and misc.

Among the innumerable special research projects are the census of Hostile Fungoids, the recording of Interplanetary Atomic-Bombardments on smoked paper and a special study of Time and Space Control. This will be carried out in a Fleet Street laboratory and it is hoped to produce back numbers of *The Times* dating from well before the paper's foundation. The year will be opened, it is hoped, by the reduction of busts of Roger Bacon, Frankenstein and Dr. Moreau to small, black stains.

IGY are hoping that the American satellites, though only twenty inches across, will provide a stream of data about regions up to fifteen hundred miles into the sky. The Russians are





launching some also but these are not so much in the news, perhaps because the Americans are using gold a good deal; presumably this is for technical reasons though it all makes for newsworthiness. FIGY's chief worry over the use of artificial satellites is being able to sweep a wide enough area free of flying saucers to allow of rigorous examination of less common aerial phenomena. Attempts will be made to assay as many American satellites as possible.

So much for the broad outline. There are obvious advantages in concentrating on one part of the field, in addition, of course, to the widest possible general coverage. IGY is concentrating on Antarctica and, to avoid overcrowding, FIGY must look elsewhere. It has been decided to devote special attention to the bowels of the earth, owing to the increasing tendency of Things to emerge upwards. A pilot expedition under Dentist Rear-Admiral Bryce-Bryce-Bryce will enter the crater of Etna in a heat-resisting bathysphere and return to the surface via the crater of Vesuvius. It is hoped to descend to a depth at which the melting of the rocks makes forward movement reasonably rapid without having to rely on the vessel's powerful drills. Also, of course, the greater the depth, the shorter the distance to be traversed. Brigadier Mint, thermal officer of the expedition, has expressed the hope that the bathysphere represents a peak of British insulation-engineering. The B.B.C. have agreed to keep Request Programmes going all night, if necessary, though all the problems involved in broadcasting downwards rather than upwards have not yet been solved.

With the knowledge gained in the pilot traverse, it will be possible to push ahead with plans for the main expedition. This will consist of a number of separate parties which will set off down Vesuvius towards Australasia and hope to rendezvous about half-way with a New Zealand party which will leave by the boiling mud pool at Rotorua. It is hoped to transmit percussion signals to waiting seismologists and to send smoke-signals from any volcano passed en route. There will also be hourly signals by short-wave. These reports will cover all phenomena met and will provide data of the utmost value on high-temperature hibernation. It is intended to capture specimens of the more handy-sized Things, particular care being taken to distinguish between captive blondes, who will be freed, and Things in human shape which will,

wherever practicable, be treated as specimens rather than as recruits to the party.

The number of observers in the main expedition will be considerable, to offset wastage. Readers who wish to enter the ballot for places will avoid the disappointment of being rejected in the test that will follow the ballot if they bear in mind that (a) All four grandparents of volunteers must be human. (b) Geiger-counters must remain quiescent in the presence of volunteers. (c) Volunteers must be good mixers. (d) Volunteers must be capable of operating precision instruments calmly and efficiently whatever may be watching.

Without the help of a far-flung network of industrious and wealthy scientific organizations, it has been impossible to cover all the subjects of investigation that have been urged on us. We have had to reject a heart-wrenching request from the Lower Norwood Speleological Club: "Three times we have been down the cave and on each occasion there have been more pictures on the wall, which is getting covered gradually with little men throwing axes at elks and missing. It seems to both Membership and Committee that here we have the action of non-human forces . . ."

Similarly we have been forced to disappoint Mrs. E. Turner of London, who writes: "My husband is finding that he no longer wins the prize for marrows as he used to do because, though his entry is anything up to three times the size it used to be, it does tend



*Feeds on neutrons, but omnivorous if balked. Passerine.*



*Do not attempt to feed or tame. No mating cry.*



*Non-deciduous. Keep pets away.*



*Often found in mines. Gregarious.*

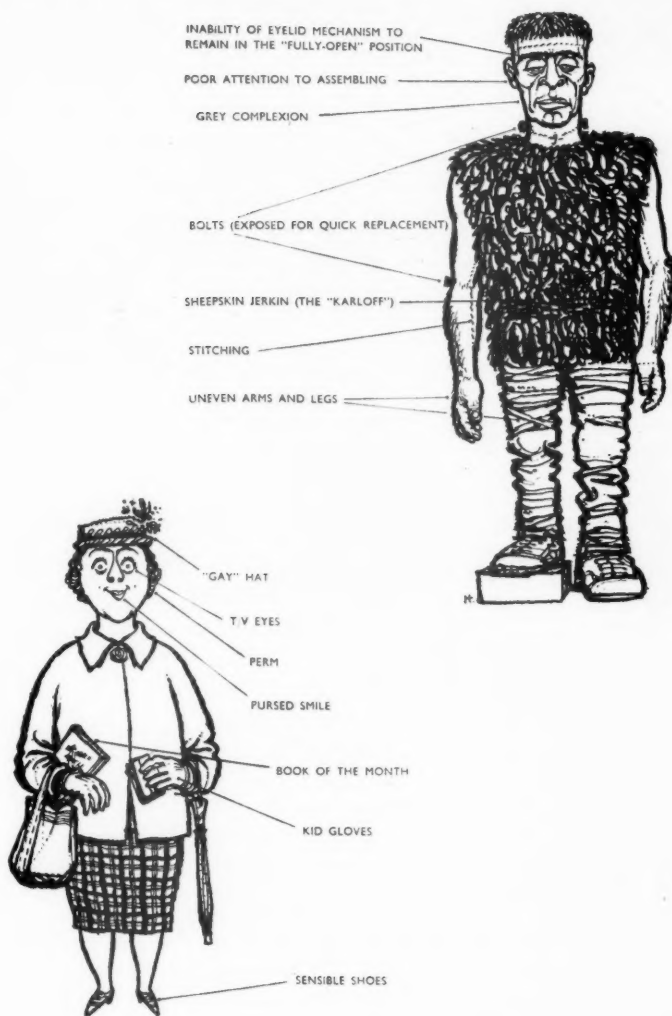


to be phosphorescent. This does not matter when the judging is done in broad daylight, but in a dimmish marquee it becomes on the obvious side. His latest marrow is so large that transport is a real problem and it sends out X-rays, which might lead to social embarrassment. It is beginning to affect the Television and perhaps ought to have a suppressor fitted . . ."

We were particularly regretful at having to turn down the moving appeal of St. Jessica's College for the Daughters of Gentlefolk: "First Rosemary went, then Prue, then Antoinette. They were all having extra chemistry from Prof. Biggleswade but they never came back from the Lab. Several of us have dreamed that they are calling to us for help from the interior of a Winchester jar. There is something curious about Prof. Biggleswade. He is really the double-bass teacher. Chemistry is normally taken by the Headmistress. He seems to have some hold over her as at end-of-term concerts, all kinds of things are transcribed for the double-bass, like trumpet voluntaries and vocal items. Esther says the way he walks without bending his knees reminds her of an uncle who had to be exorcised."

While IGY hints that weather forecasting and radio reception may improve as a result of the new information obtained, FIGY is concentrating on pure knowledge, making no promise that the Forces we are investigating can be harnessed or deflected, that Things can be domesticated or Venusians exterminated or Giant Rodents sharply reduced in size. It is, as we scientists say, the game, not the score, that matters.

## How to tell Human-Born from Lab-Born



## FOR USE OF FIGY OBSERVERS

### ENROLMENT FORM

SECRET NAME.

BLOOD GROUP.

BIRTH SIGN.

I am willing to:

Spend off-time on Space Patrol

Operate warning system

Collate statistics

Act as lure

Card index Things

Join party down volcano (State social preference)

Classify annihilatory devices

Plot tracks of Things

Place self at disposal of Organisers (It is hoped that this category will

appeal to a good number of readers. No special qualifications, apart from courage, are required)

### RECORD CARD

Time phenomenon first observed

Advancing/Receding

Temperature Rise/Drop

Whether graveyard smell

Whether simultaneous variation in

Gravity/Speed of light/ Direction of

Magnetic North

Appearance: Marshy/simian/luminous/

green/none

Evidence of origin: Solar/planetary/

stellar/extragalactic/subterranean/

future/past/mental

Hostile/friendly/neutral/indifferent/ bemused

Fate of lure: Deliquesced/vaporized/ sucked into mud/evolved backwards

### QUESTIONNAIRE FOR USE ON PHENOMENA CAPABLE OF COMMUNICATION

Place and date of origin

Earliest memory

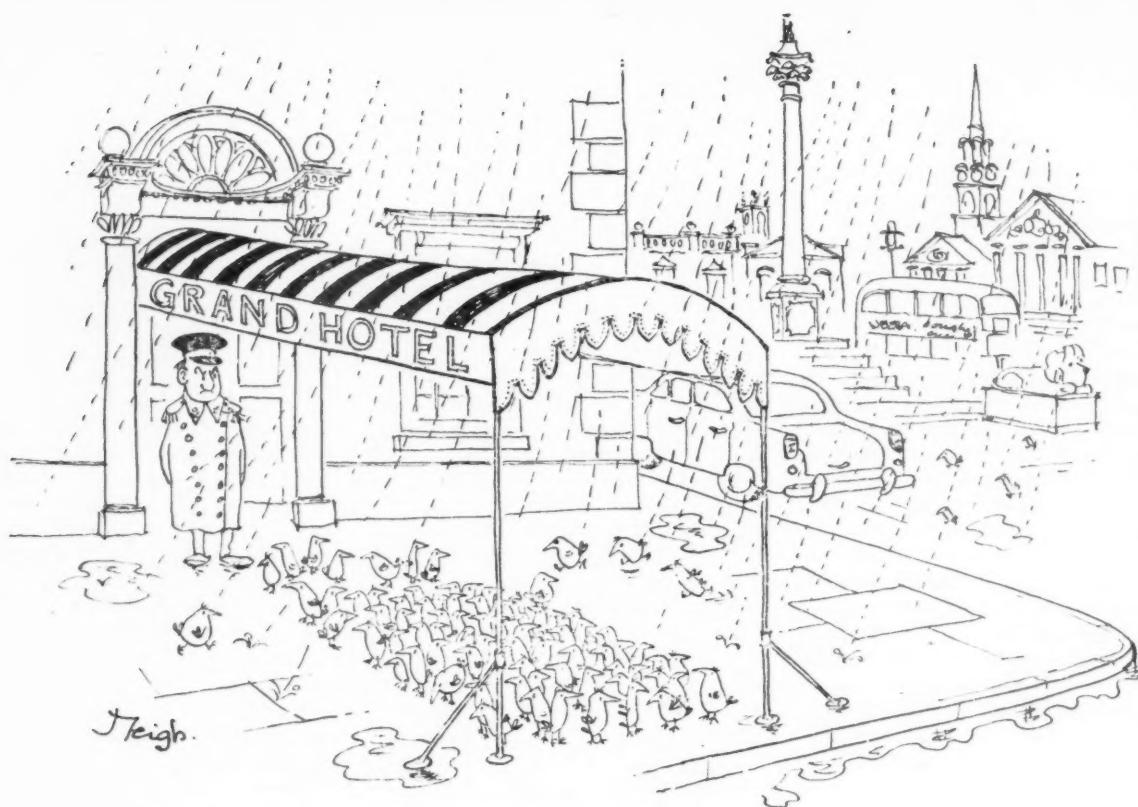
What wants of life

Attitude to:

Americans Russians Martians Professors Blondes Other Things Favourite food Favourite drink Favourite drug Hobbies

R. G. G. PRICE





## Tourism

By CLAUD COCKBURN

**B**REAKFAST on the Champs Elysées and elevenses in the Euston Road—this is one of the daydreams modern travel facilities have made possible. And don't think they won't take dollars in the Euston Road. These are friendly home-folksy sort of people and they will give your dollar a hearty welcome, often asking for more.

You eat your egg and chips and stroll out into the sunshine of one of Europe's most historic thoroughfares. Kings, Queens, Princes Regent, Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Barons, Baronets, Knights and O.B.E.s in their colourful costumes have come and gone through the portals of Euston Station. Imagine the thrill of recording on your camera, for Mom and Dad in Ohio, the way an O.B.E. goes through a station portal. For a few dollars you can get your picture developed and printed in London. This will not save you money

but it may save you precious time. Summer doesn't last for ever—even in glorious England, oh to be in which, a poet said, as early as April. (You could have had low, off-season fares in April, which was what the man was trying to say, and you can have them again any time the weather turns really nasty, around the end of September, say.)

People who do not understand *tourism* have in the past tended to underestimate the interest and fascination afforded by the Euston Road. (Indeed the Appian Way Association was recently caught out pretending that they had a more exciting product.) In response to this kind of attack it is desirable to point out that the term "Euston Road" is of particular interest to U.S. visitors with dollars. The original "Eystan," as has recently been ascertained, was the commander of the quarter-ton ship *Rhohhde* which, hun-

dreds of years before Columbus thought of going anywhere near the place, sailed through the Great Lakes to South Dakota, thus blazing a trail. And ever since there has been a particularly warm welcome for American visitors in this major London avenue of which a well-known Frenchman once said "*C'est un peu Londres, hein?*"

And in the Euston Road you are close to what an English poet has described as "the heart of men and things." Incidentally, old English prints of the Heart of Men and Things are readily obtainable in the Euston Road. And do remember that a dollar or two extra may make all the difference to the age of the print.

Turn left, or right, according to which direction you seem to be headed in at the moment, and you may well find yourself in historic Bloomsbury, where Lytton Strachey was wont to disport

himself—an area avoided for unprintable reasons by Oscar Wilde, and of which it has truly been said “Bloomsbury is Bloomsbury, one means to say, actually.” Veer slightly left and look for the plaque commemorating Virginia Woolf. You will find it of interest to note that no such plaque exists, and may thus veer right again.

Continue southwards—on foot if your schedule calls for haste, but the leisured traveller is urged to experience the amenities of the London taxi—and you will find yourself traversing the fabled Russell country. Millionaires, Thackeray, real-estate speculators and philosophers, all as typically English as the pipe and cloth-cap of the modern shop steward, peep ghostily at you from the window of every hotel. But remember that, like the rest of the English, they are reticent and shy of any brusque advance. Yet stay among them awhile, offer Earl Russell a glass of warm beer and a game of darts, and you will find yourself taken to the heart of this essentially essential land. But remember that in England “semantics” means fighting words. Forget for the moment that thing they taught you at U. of O.

Ahead of us now looms historic Tottenham Court Road, where the colourful ninth Countess of Tottenham—known, and for good reason, as “the Patroness of English Tourism”—accepted a fate which would have been a shade worse than death had she not known (as the young man concerned did not) that the episode was going to give Lady Godiva and the Coventry Travel Bureau a notable black eye.

For a few cents you can travel the length of Oxford Street—famous for Lord Selfridge, who, after a period of apprenticeship selling newspapers barefoot on the streets of Columbus, Ohio, or wherever else it is you seem to come from, created modern London. As is known from his biography, he was the first man in London to find out about women. He got the notion that women wanted to buy things. More conservative friends sought to dissuade him. Yet with a persistence which must make every American proud as he strolls in the sunlight of Oxford Street, Selfridge—never actually a Lord in the strict sense of the word, but very much so in the other one—said that women did want to buy things, and he would sell them to them.

English society at that time was ruled by men and they resented Selfridge's behaviour. That is why he did not become a Lord. You will recall the Boston tea-party, Paul Revere's Ride, Bunker's Hill, and the thing Foster Dulles said to Selwyn Lloyd.

Fare on southward through this history-reeking London town of ours and you may espy on the one hand a monument which, though termed by Londoners the “Nelson Column,” is known to Americans throughout the world as the “Paul Jones Memorial.” Those in need at this point of laughter may always obtain it by remarking that the lions posed around the base of the Column have no teeth. The cost is small, and for a very reasonable extra fee it is possible to speak of Nasser, Suez and kindred matters. You will find that there are few things a true Britisher likes better than discussing affairs of that kind with a true American.

At this point the traveller may take his choice and—let us say—jolly good luck to him. He may head on the way he is going and end up at a really progressive office building and the headquarters of the London County

Council. A delightful afternoon may be had listening to someone explaining the London County Council.

Or, veering left again (naturally in no political sense of the word) we may find ourselves in the fabled and historic “Strand,” where fabled and historic dancing girls will, for a modest fee, invite us to “have a banana.” This is an experience not to be missed. There is also an hotel about half-way down on the right where you can get native drinks such as prairie oysters and Bloody Marys with genuine vodka.

The visitor is not counselled to proceed much further unless accompanied by an attested guide. Fleet Street, though architecturally alluring, is not a suitable haunt for the tourist. Even the story—put out for touristic purposes—that its name comes from a supposed river “Fleet,” later bricked in, is almost certainly untrue. The name originated from that of Colonel Fleet. And it is well known that Colonel Fleet, an arboreal expert, as international ill-luck would have it, was the first man to assert authoritatively that there were no cherry trees on the estate of the father of G. Washington.





*"And what sort of teek will it be for non-sport lovers?"*

## Petticoats and Personalities

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

THERE is a sour-puss section of the British public which asserts that the Wimbledon Championships should be devoted to tennis. By all means let tennis be played, but why not other games as well? The fashion game, the personality game, the glamour game. Sour-pusses surely have the strength of mind, the narrowness of outlook, not to be distracted by sulky petulances and panties. We who are deliciously distracted by such beguilements should be allowed our simple pleasures. History is on our side. Tears and temperaments, fashions and foibles, are part of the Wimbledon story. The interplay of personalities, like the pretty play of petticoats, is more moving, and therefore more memorable, than dates and match results. Suzanne's laurels were immortalized by her bandeau and her outbursts. Borotra's crown was

symbolized by his beret. To-day, if there is anything to deplore, it is the discipline of emotions, the tendency to be ordinary.

This year's lady competitors are unlikely to cause any memorable explosions. But they make a pretty patchwork, combining with the hydrangeas and the tea lawns, the millinery and the strawberries, to bestow the Wimbledon atmosphere of light and shade, of long slow hours and breathless moments. Beside the familiar figures we have welcomed these many Junes there are new personalities: Miss Ramirez and Miss Reyes, the little Mexicans who, all sunshine and sudden showers, immediately endeared themselves to their fellow competitors; the Buding sisters, very blonde and very Brünhilde in contrast to their countrywoman Frau Vollmer, dark and

relentless as the Rhine. And Signorita Barril of aristocratic feature and 21-inch waist, which beats by a narrow span that of South African Mrs. Forbes. And sixteen-year-old Christine Truman, playing the difficult double role of baby of the championships and tallest lady competitor: six foot, no less. And, of course, Miss Fageros from California, who could come from nowhere else. Her smile blazes out from a cloudless face; she poses against the privet hedge as though it were a palm tree, and mounts the steps to the player's tearoom as though they were the gangway to a yacht. Wherever Miss Fageros goes, there go the camera-men. On the court she places her smiles as accurately as her forehand drive, her tennis strokes seeming almost inadvertent compared with the other game she plays.

No wonder Miss Fageros is one of the

fortunate goddesses favoured by sports-designer Teddy Tinling to wear his draped Grecian jersey dress; another being Madame Chatrier, the blonde Diana who, not many Wimbledons ago, was Susan Partridge. It is more customary for goddesses to bestow *their* favours on mortal men; but then Tinling must be regarded as designer-designate to the Elysian Fields. As things are now, players come to him from the far corners of this earth to get their tennis dresses. Many are the multi-lingual tantrums he sorts out the week before the championships, and even at Wimbledon itself. Such is the pressure at his workrooms that a dress may be delivered at the South-East Gate with only half an hour to go before its wearer's match. No other man has been so beseeched by so many women to give them the confidence of his couture.

Very different from the Grecian dress is his belted bush-shirt worn over a short pleated skirt; a sports interpretation of Dior's Saharan tunic. But the model most greatly in demand (indeed demanded by no fewer than thirty players) is a development of last year's empire-line dress: tight little high-waisted, camisole-shaped bodice; short little flared skirt, the shortest yet, worn over a brief petticoat and one-way shorts instead of panties. This favourite dress, with décor details in pale blue, appeared at both sides of the Centre Court net for the first ladies' singles match, the one between Miss Bloomer and Miss Ward. The blue décor was tantamount to a challenge, for there is a Wimbledon rule that no colour be worn in play. Last year, pink petticoats got through, the Secretary gallantly turning a blind eye to what was going on underneath some of the innocently white dresses; and this year the blue got through—a relief to Australian Mrs. Hawton, who played her Court One match against Miss Brough in a dress with blue buttons, but had an all-white dress in the wings lest she be asked to change. Such are the man-made anxieties that beset the woman player: the committee of the All England Lawn Tennis Club being still all male. Indeed it was not until Mrs. Hoad appeared on Court One that all lingering clouds about the blue were finally dispersed. Her dress, which went unchallenged, had a big blue insertion bow over the fifth rib, the rib under which the heart is

said to lie—and undoubtedly does in the case of Jenny Hoad. No heartless Amazon, she. All smiles and grace and wishing everyone well, she not only enjoys Wimbledon but is seen to be enjoying it.

There are still a few women who remain faithful to shorts, although the only seeded pair are those of Miss Mortimer, an obvious shorts-girl type. Miss Brough appears again in the pleated divided skirt she always wears so elegantly; and the equally long-legged Miss Gibson flatters her by imitation. Very well, too, does the divided skirt look on that lean, lithe, panther-like body, which would look most inappropriately tricked out in an empire dress. But these are players who stamp their own personalities on the clothes they wear, and thus their clothes are not indicative of the general trend. Looking ahead, one can foretell that the Saharan tunic shirt and the softly draped Grecian dress will lead the way back next June to a belt at the natural waist, a looser

bodice, a slightly longer skirt. The moulded empire line will go.

Not, of course, that it really matters what goes or what comes—the game, we are told, is the thing. Who cares about linen and lace, about petticoats pink, and hair-ribbons blue? Only those who care for the small sweet trivialities of life. After all, it's only a game.

~ ~

### Star of the East

(A Communist Mayor has been elected in Nazareth)

TO each according to his need,  
The propagandist barks,  
And somewhat oddly states the creed  
Of manger and of Marx.

So simple was the perfect Plan,  
It's more than ever odd  
That, in its execution, man  
Could split away from God.

J. B. BOOTHROYD







BIG BUSINESS AS USUAL



### Pop

IN my day bottles of lemonade were prized almost as much for their peculiar glassy stoppers—known to the marbles fraternity as “glassies”—as for their contents of tartly carbonated water. We called our favourite beverage pop: now, I am told, youngsters can sometimes be heard asking for “a soft drink.”

This strange term for non-spirituous or non-alcoholic tippie is an import from America, and I don't like it. Must all drink that is not hard liquor be labelled soft? And hasn't the word soft a derogatory, sissy, pussyfoot connotation? Pop, please.

So far this summer the weather has been exceptionally kind to pop manufacturers. True, the caterers at Lord's complained bitterly that Bailey's accurate seamers and the loss of two days' play in the Test cost them a pretty penny, but heat-waves, a shortage of spring greens and continuing expansion of the nation's pocket-money have all conspired to boost the sales of liquid refreshment.

It is well known of course that our water-works unintentionally serve the ends of the pop manufacturers, work hand-in-glove with them. At the first sign of drought (that is, when rain holds off for three or four consecutive days) the water boards reduce their pressure, engineer a temporary breakdown in supply and manage to pump a lot of sand and unappetizing colouring matter through their distributive systems. The result is that we are driven to the bottle. The fridge becomes a parade ground of tonic waters, squashes, crushes, crystals and concentrates, and the manufacturers prosper.

Consumption of soft drinks (I must get back to Board of Trade terminology) has increased rapidly in spite of last year's wretched summer and overflowing reservoirs: we now drink about six gallons a year per head compared with four and a half gallons in 1952, and all the evidence from Wimbledon, the

beaches, the litter-bins and the picnic-sites suggests that 1957 will boost the figures to almost seven gallons per man, woman, and child.

The manufacturers — Schweppes, Idris, Thomas and Evans, Rose, Tizer, and so on—maintain that the market shows no sign of saturation. We drink less of soft drink than most West Europeans, much less than the Australians, South Africans and Canadians, and only two-thirds as much as the Americans.

Some soft drinks, oddly enough, are now manufactured by brewers, and the British market seems to have given a reasonably warm welcome to such chilled imports as Coca-Cola, Seven-Up, Canada-Dry, and Pepsi-Cola.

Pepsi-Cola is a concessionary bottling subsidiary of Schweppes, the most dashing and progressive of the soft drink producers. The five shilling shares in Schweppes are obviously considered a good growth prospect. At present they yield less than four per

cent, which is barely half the return obtainable from Vine Products (“Britvic”), Idris, Cowburns and Scotts, and Tizer.

Fashion has an important role in the drink industry, and fashion is often, but not always, preceded by clever advertising. Schweppes, with U-type ads., has certainly exported the post-war gin-and-tonic cult with great success to the United States, and to some extent has knocked the trade in diluent fruit juices and Continental apéritif additives. Sales of tonic water are reported to be about twenty per cent higher this year than last, and this, in spite of rising production costs, should mean brighter dividends to come.

Investors who feel, as I do, that this is a teen-agers' world might do worse than compare the boom in soft drinks with that in phosphorescent socks, faded blue jeans, gramophone records and Espresso coffee, and then take another look at the manufacturers mentioned above.

MAMMON



### Actions Speak Louder . . .

A HEAT wave in England is an uncomfortable experience, especially when it takes you unawares in your woollen underwear. Haymaking is a hot job whatever the weather. This year we are inclined to throw modesty to the wind, but there is no wind.

And as this sultry June moves into July writs begin to blossom in the hedgerows and our gardens become gay with summonses. For this is the season when the true countryman takes off his shirt and goes to law. Country solicitors are now as busy as ice-cream vendors. Every market town contains two or three well-established firms. The partners sit like fat perspiring spiders, weaving a web of complaints and injunctions over the parched land. Advice is given and taken; counsel's opinion eventually obtained. Our summer becomes a matter of legal fees as deeds are dug out and sometimes examined

even after they have already been turned into parchment lampshades.

There are two signs in the country that you are about to become involved in the law: either you turn your tap on and no water emerges from it, or your neighbour claims that what comes out of it is really his. It makes no difference what the relationship between the two of you may have been. You may have dined with him yesterday; you may be about to become related to each other, your daughter can already be engaged to his son. No matter, in this we are all Capulets and Montagues, it takes one pint of water, or rather the lack of it, to cause a feud, and within a few hours lawyers are instructed and registered letters sent flying.

The fact is nobody living in the country knows the exact extent of his rights until there is a drought. It is then, when your water supply is dangerously low, that you observe your neighbour has taken it upon himself to exercise a right of way that you've forgotten and he's remembered. You see him driving his cattle through your yard, so that they may poach from your trough as they pass. Or maybe he acquires an electric pump and starts watering his garden from a spring on his own land, ignoring the fact that the same spring eventually flows under your fields too—or did till he sucked it dry.

The variations are endless: the themes the same. It is enough to make any barrister's mouth water, or drive a farmer to drink.

RONALD DUNCAN



**I**N the Commons Ministers have for long had to submit themselves to bombardment from Mrs. Braddock in front of them and Dame Irene Ward behind them. They order things more oddly in the Lords, and it is there alone that no woman has yet been able to establish herself—not even on the Bishops' bench. Yet history was made on Wednesday. Lord Cohen, speaking on the infantile mortality rate in North Kensington, got into difficulties. Was the figure per 1,000 or per 10,000? He was not very clear himself. He said "I must refer to my statistician," and he turned to a lady seated beyond the Bar. To their lordships' horror a female voice shouted out "One thousand."

Women, though they cannot yet sit in the House of Lords, have at least learnt how to gatecrash it.

The Commons at the same time was engaged on an exercise almost more curious. On the Finance Bill Mr. Roy Jenkins introduced an amendment to say that Overseas Trading Corporations ought to pay profits tax. He made an attractively aggressive little speech—Up, Jenkins, and at 'em!—and Mr. Leslie Hale made a characteristically amusing speech. Sir Patrick Spens kept popping up and down and Mr. Hugh Fraser and Mr. Cronin intervened. The Chancellor wound up to reinforce Mr. Birch. It was perhaps as good a debate as the House has had on

the Finance Bill and we would not have gone without it for the world. But it is the clearest rule of order that no private Member is allowed to propose the imposition of new taxation, and since Mr. Jenkins was proposing new taxation for all he was worth, though the fact seemed quite to escape the notice alike of Chair, Government and Opposition, it was as obvious as an orange that the whole debate was out of order from beginning to end.

We needed such little enlivenments, for there seemed a conspiracy to rob Members of their fun. No one pretended that the Government's business was going to prove very thrilling, and as far as they were concerned the House seemed likely to be allowed quietly to smoke itself to death. But there was some hope of fun and games from tapped telephones and the Duke of Norfolk. The Duke seemed determined to spoil the House's fun by withdrawing all claims to have any treatment in any way preferential to that received by Mr. Shinwell, and Castle Shinwell now is left to defend its battlements unchallenged. Most Members in these days are egalitarians and do not see why a duke should be treated worse than anybody else. Mr. Hamilton alone remains as a defender of privilege who would like to hit a duke when he is down simply because he is a duke.

But when it is a question of Members of the House of Commons being treated the same as other people that is quite a different kettle of fish. Members were concerned, as well they might be, about telephone tapping in general, but there was a special ring of indignation in Mr. Shinwell's challenge to Mr. Butler to give a categorical assurance that no Member of Parliament's telephone had ever been tapped, and Mr. Fort's plea that he did not want to be treated



differently from any of his fellow citizens sounded oddly old-fashioned in Socialist ears.

Yet telephone tapping in general is a serious issue. The questions about it were not reached in time for oral answer on Monday, but Mr. Butler's written answers gave a pretty clear hint that we were not going to get much information out of him, and indeed had it not been for the Prime Minister's promise to talk things over with Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Grimond a hotter storm might well have blown up. The questions were reached on Wednesday. Lord Tenby was firmly but politely thrown overboard. His motive, said Mr. Butler, was good but the sending of the transcript to the Bar Council—obviously the most plainly indefensible part of the whole business—was "not to be treated as a precedent." That Jonah has had his drop and, whether the storm abates or not, there is not much risk that pressure will be put on the whale ever to deliver him up again when his statutory three days are done. But on the question to which we were all curious to know the answers—how common telephone tapping has been and how much use has been made of information obtained as a result of it—Mr. Butler would tell us nothing at all. All that he would tell us was the highly disturbing news that there was no reason to think that it was more common under a Conservative than under a Socialist administration. Who supposed that it was? But we had been brought up to think the Socialists threatened England with a Gestapo and that it was the Conservatives who were going to lead us back to our ancient freedom. If all that the Conservatives can now claim



is that they are not worse than the Socialists, the look-out is indeed a poor one.

Of course it was but one more example of that same old weary tale. The issue is as always side-tracked by the one party claiming that the other party did it too. The two-party system, as it has developed, is an absolutely fool-proof device for preventing any serious question from ever being debated. The only ray of hope is that Mr. Grimond is to sit in on these talks too, and there is just a chance that something may come out of him. Few any longer can have any hope that anything will come out of Mr. Gaitskell.

It was the same old game about the Shops Bill. Nothing indeed about it could be more comical than its funeral. The Socialists put down a motion condemning the Government for pretending that it had not time to put the Shops Bill through. One would indeed have to be very simple-minded if one believed that Mr. Butler had dropped this ridiculous bill (put into a pigeon-hole in the days of the Socialist Government and extracted therefrom by the ill-omened Lord Tenby) simply because of lack of time; and in itself, if you wanted the Shops Bill, it was not unreasonable to argue that time could be found for it. But the Socialists were of course the only people in the world who could not argue like that with a straight face. For the report of Shop Hours came through in 1947 and the Socialists had four more years of office and did absolutely nothing about it. In a sane world that would be counted

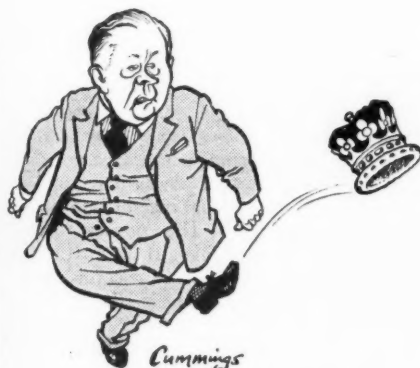
to them for righteousness but the exigencies of party politics required them instead to demonstrate that they were even more absurd than the Conservatives, and on the whole they made a good show at doing so.

The trouble about the Shops Bill was not that shop-workers should not be protected but that this particular bill was so ridiculous as to be a joke.

It is a joke that some people have been curiously slow to see. Indeed Mr. Padley of Ogmore has not, it seems, seen it even yet. Mr. Padley, like so many Members from Welsh constituencies, should speak less well. There is something that destroys conviction about this unflagging, unhesitating Welsh eloquence, point after point carefully avoided in perfect syntax and no faltering for a word. If only he would sometimes stumble, who knows but that somebody might agree with him?

The Socialists seem determined to lose themselves the next election, and it will be interesting to see whether they succeed. Plenty of devoted men throughout the country whose patriotism we shall sorely need have given themselves to the service of the Home Guard, and it would be hard to find parallel for ineptitude to the cackling laughter with which Socialists—Mr. Strachey cast for the role of top hen—greeted Mr. Hare's announcement of its disbandment. If we are not going to have conscription we need people who will give voluntary service, and such people do not like being laughed at.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



The Duke of Norfolk



# CRITICISM



## BOOKING OFFICE Philosopher of Common Sense

John Locke. Maurice Cranston. *Longmans*, 42/-

JOHN LOCKE (1632—1704) is one of those figures whose position seemed perfectly safe fifty years ago, but who nowadays are expected to justify themselves in relation to modern instances. No doubt Locke does successfully justify himself. He is the epitome of the tolerant, rather timid, common-sense approach, not too much concerned with philosophic definitions—he described himself as “not nice about phrases”—and more anxious to make things work than to be consistent. Although it might be a relief if more people in the world were like him, there can be no argument that many are not. A sympathetic restatement of his life and opinions is therefore welcome. Mr. Maurice Cranston, who has had access to hitherto unpublished papers, has done the job uncommonly well.

The son of an attorney who had served as a Roundhead captain of horse, Locke tended to possess Royalist friends and he welcomed the Restoration as the end of Cromwellian absolutism. He belonged to a peculiarly brilliant generation, and he was one of the many talented boys produced by Busby's Westminster. Thought of to-day as a philosopher who expressed himself in the practical form of politician or diplomatic agent, Locke was, in fact, largely a doctor of medicine—although, of course, in the manner of the period, he also exercised the political and secretarial functions too. It was as a medical man, however, that he first attached himself to Anthony Ashley Cooper, 1st Earl of Shaftesbury,

*“A fiery soul, which working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay.”*

Locke was the inventor of the silver tube which drained the abscess from which Shaftesbury internally suffered, an appliance that plays such a part in the facetious attacks on that nobleman by

contemporary satirists and cartoonists.

Mr. Cranston's picture of Shaftesbury is one of the best things in an excellent book. He was, indeed, a fascinating figure. After changing from the King's to Cromwell's side in the civil war, in which he had held high military command, he supported the Restoration; always working for his own power, but also for tolerance in the interest of Catholics and Dissenters. This was not



so much from deep moral conviction, as because of his great preoccupation with trade, and desire to discourage discontented emigration. He had slaving interests and was keen on the planned development of the “plantations.” Although the King did not much care for Shaftesbury, this toleration suited him, since, as Mr. Cranston says: “Charles at heart was not an Anglican: in good times he was irreligious, and in bad times a Papist.”

It is of very considerable interest that, holding the views he did, Locke should have become one of the most important members of Shaftesbury's household,

the intimate adviser of this pioneer of commercial imperialism. The D.N.B., in face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, states that “Shaftesbury's private life was of rare purity for the age,” one of the reasons put forward for this view being his friendship for the well-behaved Locke. After Shaftesbury fell, and went into exile, Locke found himself, in due course, also in “security” difficulties. He was indeed compelled to retire for a time to Holland. He returned on the accession of William and Mary, finding various employments. Of his proposals to amend the Poor Law, the D.N.B. (1909) primly remarks: “these schemes . . . savour rather of state socialism than modern political economy.”

Locke's life was such a full one that it is impossible in the space here available to touch on the many aspects of the period in which he was involved, such as his notions about bringing up children, his life as a don at Oxford, or his important economic work when a member of the Council of Trade. The American constitution—not perhaps a great recommendation—owes much to his two *Treatises on Civil Government*. All this material may be thought pretty solid stuff, but Mr. Cranston puts it over in a most readable and entertaining manner. You close the book with a vivid picture of what Locke was like as a man, and of what he did and thought.

ANTHONY POWELL

## Mature First Novel

*Prospects of Love*. William Camp. *Longmans*, 15/-

Mr. William Camp, whose first novel shows a maturity that places it beyond promise, has an unusual insight into his female characters. His powers are apparently chiefly in his gift for characterization in the round and the confident simplicity of his style. His story resembles several other novels recently published about the tribulations of young married people to-day. Here is the insecurity, the squalid London flat,

then the escape to commuters' country where new problems arise. To vary the theme Mr. Camp gives us (perhaps with an eye on the American market) a hero whose uncontrolled sexual impulses nearly wreck his marriage, and a middle-aged satyr who drives his wife to attempt suicide. The most sympathetic character is the hero's wife who, doing more than her share of the work and deprived by poverty of the children she longs for, is a treasure unappreciated until she also attempts suicide at the end of the book. Despite these near-tragedies the story is lightly told and not without humour. If Mr. Camp can continue from here he may soon do something very good indeed.

O. M.

### The Friends. Godfrey Smith. Gollancz, 12/6

Richard Skeyne, a "mildly Left" middle-aged politician, is faced at the story's outset with two important decisions: whether to accept the party leadership or to flee abroad, renouncing career and family, with his intelligent un-American mistress who once "wrote one-third of the score" for a Hollywood musical. In a series of short sections, flashing backwards and forwards in time, we are given not only his history but that of his five friends: Hardy, the Oxford tutor, a "podgy unobtrusive *éminence grise*"; Hendrick, who threw away his birthright for television fame; Carne, the ruthless idealist, Skeyne's rival and colleague for twenty-five years; Levin the City financier; and Dermot Mondrago, the poet, whose obese, lazy, brilliant presence almost dominates the book: each a symbol of the several forms contemporary power takes. Thoughtful and dramatic, conveying economically the atmosphere of great affairs in which the characters move, this second novel should mark a further advance for Mr. Smith on the road to success of whose pitfalls he is so abundantly aware.

J. M.-R.

### The Letters of James Joyce. Edited by Stuart Gilbert. Faber, 42/-

Although a time will no doubt come when further Joyce letters, now held up for family reasons, will be released to the public, the four hundred or more reproduced here give considerable food for thought. The overwhelming impression is that Joyce hardly ever wrote a letter that was not a "business letter." His whole correspondence was devoted to the subject of composing his books, producing his books, marketing his books. Other authors interested him not at all. "Mr. Marcel Proust... I have read some pages of his—I cannot see any special talent but I am a bad critic." D. H. Lawrence's admirers infuriated him. *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* is practically the only book he mentions as being himself engaged in reading. His father seems to have been the individual to whom he was most deeply attached. The

portrait that emerges is a very extraordinary one, and the letters are interesting not in themselves but for the strange picture they evoke.

A. P.

### Right Through the Pack. Robert Darvas and Norman Hart. Allen and Unwin, 12/6

Bridge-book addicts, that distinct sub-tribe, will be glad to know that this fantasy has been republished. Those who cannot stand the minor whimsy of cards talking should steer clear of it, but the rest of us will enjoy it. Fifty-two hands are described, in each of which a different card plays a vital part. There is no pontifical instruction but considerable entertainment, as the hands vary from the frivolous to the brilliant. Bidding is almost ignored.

P. D.

## AT THE PLAY



### The Making of Moo (ROYAL COURT)

Less than Kind (ARTS)

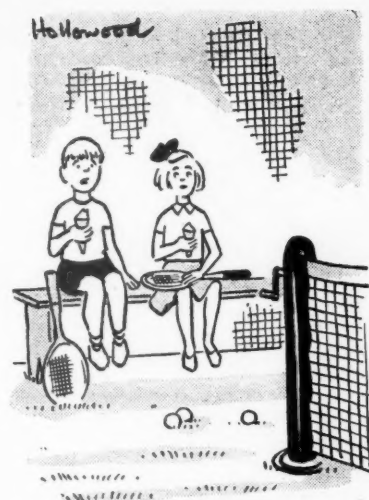
Moscow State Variety Theatre (STREATHAM HILL)

We're Having a Ball (PALLADIUM)

Love and Laughter (LYRIC)

AT some time, I suspect, an arch-deacon trod heavily on the sensitive toe of Nigel Dennis. He has still not been forgiven. In the occasionally brilliant muddle of Mr. Dennis's first play, *Cards of Identity*, a drunk priest was permitted an insulting parody of ritual language; now, in *The Making of Moo*, all the archdeacons of every belief are put up as an Aunt Sally. Clearly the woolly fringes of religion, its inter-sectarian warfare, the smothering of simple faith by professional hair-splitting, are fair game for satire, if it is seriously informed. But even at his best, in his first act, Mr. Dennis is only cleverly flippant, never troubling to define his target or his reasons for shooting at it.

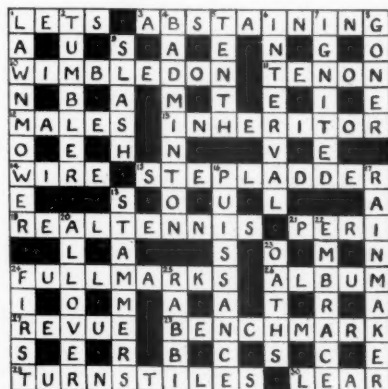
The dialogue of this first act is sufficiently amusing to let us feel that something more solid may come later. A colonial engineer, finding his dam is believed to have drowned the local god whose name has made for good behaviour, settles down to



"Time won't stand still. Before you know where you are you're ten, eleven, and then eleven plus."

replace him. Being a British administrator, he produces a kind of Highway Code, subsequently much modified by his wife, who insists on concocting a literature, and by his secretary, who looks after the music. Some of the tilts at organized religion are neat enough, while some are childish; where Shaw would have been constructive, Mr. Dennis is content to be superficially witty.

After that we suffer two really lamentable acts, in which the characters become empty and all sense of direction is forgotten in a dreary eruption of juvenile shock-tactics. The god makers fall victims to their new cult, and practise human sacrifice, on the stage, with tremendous mumbo-jumbo (has Sloane Square seen a prettier sight than George Devine dipping his finger in a bucket of blood and licking it as if it were vintage port?). Finally we see them in senility, when the cult is world-wide and anæmic and floating comfortably on industrialists' cheques. Mr. Dennis calls all this a history of religion. I see what he means, but he has gone about it in the clumsiest possible way. After the first act *The Making of Moo* abandons any pretence of being a play. Its irreverence is too puerile to be shocking; for jokes such as "a man may eat his god and have him," and the suggested use of toast and tomato-juice in communion, small boys are only gently reprimanded at their prep-schools, on the ground that they have not yet had time to learn manners. Since everyone proves to be made of cardboard, very little acting is needed; Joan Plowright, George Devine, Martin Miller and John Osborne have most to do.



Solution to last week's crossword

In Less than Kind, by Derek Monsey,

a madly neurotic family frays its nerves in a rotting palace in Venice. The mother is almost certifiably irresponsible, and her possessiveness has driven her two children into a relationship close to incest. Her daughter has escaped by marrying an American, and has been pulled back, while the son, conscious of his own futility, flirts feebly with the idea of death. This is juvenile delinquency in its most pampered form, and for good measure Mr. Monsey throws in a sinister peer who is a pervert and for no very clear reason gets his fun by insidious encouragement to suicide. All these human grindstones working away on one another's feelings make a clever but an unsatisfactory play, which might have come to life more successfully as a novel. Mr. Monsey can write perceptively; he can also over-write, as in the case of the mother, with whom Catherine Lacey is in serious difficulty. His people are not so much characters as psychiatric cases parts of whose dossiers seem to be missing. The girl is the best drawn, and played intelligently by Diane Cilento; and though the sadistic peer remains mysterious, André Morell gives him a solid worldly gloss.

I cannot imagine that the Moscow State Variety company, taken to see the Crazy Gang or Frankie Howerd, would be anything but decorously shocked. Although these Russian artists can smile charmingly, solemnity is their working mood, perhaps because they have been sponsored here, curiously it seems, by the Educational Performances Society. Most of them are extremely skilful, but

no attempt is made to weld the programme together with comedy or speed up its often snail-like pace. All the time one felt how much a Russian Robert Dhéry would have helped. No Russian is spoken, and only a very little English. Even the conjurer demonstrates his mastery over cigarettes and goldfish in a cathedral silence.

And yet much of the evening is very enjoyable. The emphasis is on peasant dancing, folk singing and the playing of instruments unfamiliar to Streatham. To me the peak moment was "Speed, Bonny Boat," sung in English exquisitely by three girls with banduras. Satire comes only in a mockery of opera singers by brilliant puppets. But to meet half-way our conception of variety there are gymnasts (who deserve more time), a girl contortionist (filleted but attractive), whistlers, wonderful xylophonists and a fight between two Eskimos who turn out to be one panting young man.

Slick and lushly decorated, *We're Having a Ball* is a variety revue built round Max Bygraves and distinguished by two special turns, a crazy American dance band called The Goofers, and three brothers named Carsony fitted by nature to balance with one finger on two upended champagne bottles. Mr. Bygraves emerges with honours. His personality is large and sympathetic, his jokes are hygienic, and he can sing and fool with pleasing resource.

All I can think of to say about *Love and Laughter*, by David Piper and said to be a comedy, is that its verse is in

feeble imitation of Fry, its plot idiotic, and its acting uninteresting except for Walter Fitzgerald and Barbara Everest, of whom it is a monstrous waste.

### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Titus Andronicus* (Stoll), Olivier at his finest, in Peter Brook's now-famous production from Stratford (24/8/55); *Zuleika* (Saville—24/4/57), a good British musical sired by Max Beerbohm.

ERIC KEOWN



## AT THE OPERA

*Mefistofele* (SADLER'S WELLS)

THEIR astute and successful revivals of *I Lombardi* and *Nabucco* in recent seasons made it clear that the Welsh National Opera Company are to be taken seriously, and not patted on the head like promising bumpkins when they come to Sadler's Wells. *Mefistofele* (1868, words and music by Arrigo Boito) puts the finishing touch to their *ex officio* metropolitan status. This was a true London first night, aura, excitement and all, not a mere choral foray from Cardiff.

Boito's libretto starts in Heaven. Archangels out of Milton with burnished wings are attended by a trio of solo trumpeters with papier-mâché instruments who dub orchestral full brass backstage. Away below, on the well-lit earth, penitents kneel and patter prayers. From Heaven we move to the Brocken. Demonic goings-on here. *Mefistofele* and a crew of small evil things in black fleshings play ball with the terrestrial globe, much as Chaplin did in *The Great Dictator*. The headsman who will get Marguerite in the end whirls his axe and is worshipped. Before the return to Heaven in the epilogue (Faust dies an edifying death, Bible on chest, but is obviously in for a stiff purgatory) there is a sunbronzed interlude in Arcady, whither Boito (only twenty-four at the time) was illogically dragged by Goethe's Part II. It doesn't seem to me that Faust's flirt with Helen of Troy adds anything material to his crimes.

To convey all this the designer, Julia Trevelyan Oman, has devised two big staircases which are repositioned ingeniously as scene follows scene to the total of eight. In turn these stairs lead up to mediaeval ramparts and Paradise or down to straw-littered dungeons and the Pit. On to them George Foa, the producer, piles his chorus with great effect in the big scenes. Considering that they are amateurs, recruited from village and valley, the W.N.O.C. chorus did brilliantly. On the Brocken slopes, while singing in a way that would have done credit to a crack Eisteddfod choir, they put on a show of mass malevolence which places Mr. Foa as a producer in the Ebert-Guthrie class and earns forgiveness for his operatic experiments on TV. Touches of amateurishness (e.g. shockingly ragged balletics in the Arcadian



Doira Soloist—AVNER BARAYEV

(Moscow State Variety Theatre)



grove) were handsomely outweighed on the night's balance.

The big challenge was the music. Some people were displeased because the Goethe of Boito did not sound like Berlioz's or Gounod's. Others because they were busy from the first bar imagining Verdian echoes which simply aren't there. It is no bad thing to judge Boito on his own musical terms. His score is sober and scholarly, sometimes sweet in a spare, tranquil way and occasionally of epic weight and size. Over the air or on record it must be a bore. In the theatre it lives.

Under Warwick Braithwaite's baton the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra played it and a team of unseasoned though talented young soloists (Mefistofele, Raimund Herinx; Faust, John Carolan; Marguerite, Anne Edwards; Helen, Joyce Barker) sang it sufficiently well and spiritedly to keep me alert and rewarded all the way.

CHARLES REID



[Saint Joan]

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick—SIR JOHN GIELGUD



## AT THE PICTURES

*Saint Joan—The Happy Road*

AMONG the unfortunate effects of preliminary ballyhoo (of any kind: even when it masquerades as a succession of news stories) are, first, that it is apt to turn some people quite unreasonably against a film long before they see it, and second, that it brings a film to the attention of a number of others who usually take no notice of films, and makes them expect some kind of miracle.

Well—*Saint Joan* (Director: Otto Preminger) is no miracle; but it is impressive, haunting, full of magnificent moments, and . . . various, so that there are many "angles" from which it might be considered. Because of all that ballyhoo, almost everybody, whether in print or in conversation, is considering it from only one angle. The production and direction, the story, the design, the music, the photography, Shaw's words—all these have to wait till there has been some discussion of Jean Seberg, the unknown eighteen-year-old who was chosen by Mr. Preminger to play the central character. For or against? I'm for.

It is tempting to do what I think most people are inclined to do, and find the correct attitude to take by working it out beforehand from the facts: because this is an unknown eighteen-year-old, therefore, it stands to reason, she cannot possibly be adequate in such a dominant, demanding part, a part always hitherto played by an experienced professional actress of great authority. But I think it relevant to point out that there is no real comparison, because *this* part, the part of Joan in this film, has never been played before. Every production of a play is a shot, more or less successful, at one ideal target; every film that is not a slavish remake from the script of an old one is unique, a new work, setting up its own

standards. I don't say Miss Seberg is by any means perfect in the part: to mention one point, she shows no sign of the rough personal magnetism that would make credible Joan's unquestioned command of a fighting army. But that is, as far as this story is concerned, a detail. I think she is good and impressive in everything really important—the dramatic or amusing or emotional scenes involving the interaction of character. I liked her in the early scenes with the weak, silly, volatile Dauphin (Richard Widmark), in the arguments in her cell and at the trial, in the calm, detached, gently amused mood of the Epilogue which is used in this version to hold the flashbacks of the main story together.

There are great names among the subsidiary players, and among the most memorable performances is that of Felix Aylmer as the Inquisitor. But I refuse to pick out some of the other excellent people and approve or disapprove of them as if each were performing some kind of well-known set piece better or worse than other people have done it. That is common form in reviewing a production of a stage classic, but would be quite irrelevant to a consideration of this uneven but intensely interesting film.

From one of the biggest recent films to one of the smallest: *The Happy Road* (Director: Gene Kelly), which they didn't even think was important enough to have a central London showing. This is an entirely unpretentious, sometimes amateurish and haphazard little comedy, but it proves to be extraordinarily entertaining and attractive.

It is no more than the story of two

children who run away from school in Switzerland to find their parents—his widowed father, her divorced mother—in Paris; and of the parents, who try to catch them on the way. The film frisks along from episode to episode, and there is first-rate fun of every kind from visual oddity of character and incident, in the Jacques Tati manner, to the revue-sketch burlesque of a British NATO commander, a part in which Michael Redgrave has the time of his life. The children (Bobby Clark and Brigitte Fossey, not to mention innumerable others, mostly French, who gleefully speed their progress) are charming, Mr. Kelly himself and Barbara Laage as the parents proceed divertingly from mutual dislike to the foreseeable embrace, and every moment of the piece is decorated with fresh, funny detail and character. Hardly anybody could fail to enjoy this.

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another long-heralded one is in London: *The Prince and the Showgirl*; and one showing for a little during London's French Film Festival, *Un Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé*, has arrived for a run as *A Man Escaped*. *Marguerite de la Nuit*, still another version of the Faust story, has a splendid beginning but rather tails off; *La Escondida* is a violent Mexican story (period of Zapata) with good interesting colour. Almost the only established one left is *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* (19/6/57).

Among the releases is *This Could be the Night* (5/6/57), a brisk, stimulating, well done, often very funny romantic comedy.

RICHARD MALLETT





## ON THE AIR

Chez Nous,  
Chez Vous

WE, the viewers, are not all fools. After a year's flirtation with the goggle-box most of us are fairly efficient lie-detectors: we know when the TV producers and cameramen are trying to pull a fast one, and we can recognize insincerity as easily as we can a performer's cold or an attack of nerves.

In some ways viewers are now more tele-sophisticated than the clever boys in the studios, and certainly we are more upset, amazed and frustrated by bad taste and deception than all the eminent guardians of the B.B.C. and the I.T.A. In programme after programme we are invited to subscribe to make-believe, to accept outrageous mendacity and duplicity as honest in-jun or queer coincidence. More often than not the lies, like the programmes, are of no account. Nobody cares very much, I suppose, whether a "blind" cartoonist has or has not enjoyed a preview of his victim, whether a struggling panelist has or has not been tipped off about the identity of the guest star, or whether the crooner is singing or miming his latest hit-tune. But it does matter when discussions advertised and paraded as impromptu are rehearsed down to the last baleful glare, when film is presented as live actuality, and when such care is taken to ignore the cameras and the massive encumbrance of television technicians that the visible performers are diverted from their primary aim and purpose.

In "At Home" those two highly efficient TV speakers, Peter Scott and



PETER SCOTT

[At Home]

Hywel Davies, played hide-and-seek with cameras, cables, monitor sets and a host of tiptoeing personnel. Every viewer was aware, well aware, of the unseen presences and paraphernalia, but the painter-ornithologist and his interviewer had clearly been instructed to play it the hard way, without so much as a nod to their millions of guests.

They chatted cosily enough, ambled from room to room with a hand-microphone, turned the pages of picture-books to pre-selected illustrations which appeared as if by magic on the screen (and also on the monitor-sets just out of vision), looked out of dark windows at stretches of sunlit marshland... And, naturally enough, all this hocus-pocus had its effect on the quality of the interview: it lost its freshness and zest, and, flagging, became riddled with preciosity.

It made nonsense of the programme to pretend that Davies was not completely

*au fait* with the lay-out of the Scotts' home, that Mrs. Scott was enjoying the seclusion of her sitting-room (it was almost full of TV tackle and crafty duck-billed videotypes), that the serene finale, a Schubert quintet, came as a surprise to anyone. It cannot be repeated too often in the ears of producers that insincerity sticks out of the little screen like a sore thumb.

Some new way must be found of putting over this "At Home" series. If millions of guests are invited it is discourteous to cock a snook at their representatives, the cameras, and if it is thought necessary to retain a fictitious air of informality it would be wiser to do so with the skilful white lies made acceptable and popular in Ed. Murrow's

"Person to Person" programmes.

I doubt whether James Robertson Justice, appearing by permission of the Rank Organisation, did either himself or his masters any good in "Away to Music," a slow, gummily sentimental and pretentious monologue decorated at long intervals with reasonably good song and dance. Looking unnecessarily wistful Mr. Justice growled through a *Peg's Paperish* catalogue of loves in many lands.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## PUNCH INDEX

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DOUGLAS.

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